



T H E
Disappointed Lover. K

A new Song.

WHEN dew-drops gild the weeping
thorn,
And hoarse-pip'd rooks salute the morn;
Fair Cynthia charm'd the grove:
Her voice like Philomela rung,
But still the burthen of her song,
Was false and perjur'd love.

Young Colin, who had stray'd that way,
When larks, the heralds of the day
Their dewy nests forsake,
Impatient lurk'd behind a bush,
To hear and view the beauteous blush,
That painted Cynthia's cheek.

Against the sweet inuohanting strain,
No longer able :o contain,
He thus himself address'd:
My flocks, cry'd he, shall all be thine,
My dog, my crook, be you but mine,
And bless a shepherd's breast.

In vain, said she, fond youth you sue;
To church with me you first must go:
Of which the swain approv'd,
Then to the grove again he led,
The ripen'd, panting, melting maid,
Where both dissolv'd in love.

When bliss was past young Colin cry'd,
Had you at first thus far comply'd
I ne'er had seen thee more:
Be hush'd, cry'd she, I knew thy will,
For Hodge, who lives at yonder mill,
Once serv'd me so before.

